SISTERS' DEPARTMENT.

Scattering Thoughts.

AN EXPLANATION.

Lest being silent might be constructed to mean indifference or non-approval, I will say that I have been in full sympathy with all the workings of the Society for Christian Endeavor as far as they have gone and I understand the workings, ever since the organization has been effected.

Owing to matters of importance over which I have no control I have put off writing until the present, but have read and re-read the letters and items of news concerning the Society from week to week with much pleasure and interest.

THE RIGHT WOMEN IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

I am pleased with the general officers, for two reasons. First, they are well qualified for the several duties they have to perform. Second, they are loyal members to the Brethren Church. It follows as a result they love their church, are enthusiastic, and will do all in their power for the welfare of the Society. This proves the truthfulness of the assertion, they are the right women in the right place.

Dear sisters you have opened the way for a grand, great work. My ardent desire and prayer is, that the Sisters' Society for Christian Endeavor may live long, and grow in number and usefulness' as it is her privilege if she receives the proper encouragement until she becomes a mighty power for good.

MISSIONARY WORK.

There is one feature of this society that we especially admire, that is the constitution provides for missionary work, outside of the home churches. A part of the funds are to be used for general church-work, such as sendind out an Evangelist and paying his expenses. Hitherto there has been a disposition among us, as a rule, to keep the funds at home in our own coffers.

We are glad that the good spirit put it into the hearts and minds of those who framed the constitution to reach beyond bounds and sets. Thus effective work will be accomplished in towns and cities. Perchance the isolated that have been true to their creed and done what they could will be remembered, and ministers will be sent out to preach and organize new churches and so the good work will go on.

DELINQUENCIES.

Dear sisters you whom God has blest with talent, please take up your pens and let us hear from you oftener. There are more than a score that write beautifully. The cause is of vast importance. It needs your encouragement and assistance. The sisters' department has been wanting a number of times during the past winter. This should not be. It must not be. The selections were splendid, but they do not quite fill the bill. We all want original matter—letters or essays, written by members of our own fraternity, are like presents sent us from absent friends in the flesh. They are dearer to us. We appreciate them a great deal more because they are the members of our own family.

In conclusion please allow me to say, 'To the work to the work' all ye gifted ones, and let the printed pages speak for Jesus. God will honor you, for he says, them that honor me I will honor.'

KATE YOST.

Burbank, O., April 2, 1889.

Lay not Up Treasures on Earth.

BY CLARA FLORA.

What blindness it is for men to lay up that as a treasure that must perish. A heart designed for God and eternity is terribly degraded by being set upon those things subject to corruption. But may we not lay up treasures innocently? Yes. If you can do it without setting your hearts on it, which is almost impossible, and secondly, if there is no widows or orphans destitute or distressed persons in the place where you live.

But there is a portion which belongs to my children. Shall I distribute that among the poor? If it belongs to your children it is not yours and therefore you have no right to dispose of it. But I have a certain sum in stock, shall I take that and divide among the poor? By no means, for by doing so you will put it out of your power to do good, after the present division. Keep your principal and devote if you can possibly spare it, the product to the poor and thus you shall have the continued ability to do good. In the mean time take care not to shut the door of compassion against a brother in distress. If you do, the love of God can not dwell in you. It is well known that our Lord and His disciples lived long on public charity, and yet they gave alms out of what they received. The only way to render perishing goods eternal, is to transmit them to heaven by acts of charity. This is a kind of bill of exchange which can not fail but through our own fault. It is certain we have not the smallest portion of temporal good, but what we have received from the unmerited bounty of God, and if we give back to Him all we have received, yet still there is no merit that can fairly attach to the act, as the goods were the Lord's, for I am not to suppose that I can purchase anything from a man by his own property. On this ground the doctrine of human merit is one of the most absurd that was ever published among men or credited by sinners. Yet he who supposes he can purchase heaven by giving that meat which was left on his own table, or by giving a garment which he could no longer in decency wear, must have a base ignorant soul, and a very mean opinion of the heaven he hopes for. But shall not such works as these be rewarded? Yes certainly, God will take care to give you all that your vituals, and old clothes are worth. But he who through love to God and man divides his bread with the hungry, and gives to the needy a garment that he himself could wear shall not lose his reward.

Dear reader, remember how Jesus stood watching the rich casting money into the treasury. The same Jesus knows just how much you and I are sacrificing for His cause. They who lay up treasures on earth are robbing God, and in snatching at the shadows of earthly goods lose eternal blessedness.

A lonely mountain pillow,
His sleeping place while here.
And kneeling there in mighty prayer
In love remembered me.

Lo I am with you always,
I hear the promise ring;
I'll feed His sheep for Him, I'll reap
The whitening harvest field.

OUR DEAD.

BRANDT—Isaac Brandt died of paralysis, at his home east of Somerset, O., March 17, 1889, aged 70 years, 4 months and 10 days. Father was a member of the Brethren church. He suffered considerable. Knew he had to leave us and said he was willing to go. Funeral discourse by Rev. Lott in the M. E. church in Somerset.

M. O. HORNE.

BURNS—In the Almena congregation, Vanburen Co., Mich., Bro. Mica Burns, of paralysis. The deceased brother was born Aug. 29, 1817, in the state of New York, married and moved to Mich., in 1840. The beloved brother helped in various ways toward the cause of Christianity, but did not unite with any church until about fifteen years ago, when he united with the Brethren church, as it then was, and when the division took place he chose to hold with those who took the Bible as their only law in religion and church government. Since he first fully espoused the cause in full he has lived such a life so as to enjoin a blessed hope of a blessed immortality in the sweet by and by. Funeral services by the writer from Job 14: 14.

WALTER CLARK.

Laundry polish for shirts, collars and cuffs, etc., is made in the following manner: Dissolve on a slow fire one ounce of white wax and two ounces of spermaceti with one large tablespoonful of salt. Turn into a wet cup to cool. Make boiled starch as usual, cooking slowly for twenty minutes, and for every tablespoonful of dry starch used put a lump of the preparation the size of a cherry. Use no cold starch, and do not sprinkle. When the starched pieces are dried, lay them in a wet towl for two hours, and with a rough polishing-iron bring out the gloss.

As a horse and cattle lotion, Salvation Oil has proven itself an infallible remedy. It has received the hearty indorsements of many old and well-known horsemen. Price 25cts. a bottle.

Or the Opponents and Defenders of the Poison-Vice.

BY FELIX L. OSWALD, M. D.

There is a story of a bragging sportsman who could not see ten yards without his spectacles, but who nevertheless was very fond of vaunting his hunting exploits. 'Look over yonder,' said he, one day when he was crossing a market in the company of several city friends, see that farmer? Well, he would be a dead man now if it hadn't been for a luck shot of mine.' One of those citizens soon after met that same farmer, and took occasion to mention the remark of his bragging friend. 'Did Mr. So-and-So ever save your life?' 'He must be crazy,' said the blunt granger. 'The fact is, he mistook me for a bear one day and blazed away with his shot-gun, but by good-luck all his shot struck through my hunting-pouch, and did not go deep enough to cripple me. That's what he calls saving my life, I suppose.'

With similar modifications we should accept the often-repeated assertion that the nations of northern Europe owe their physical vigor to their liberal use of various alcoholic stimulants. The truth is, that those same stimulants have more than once accomplished the actual annihilation of whole tribes and broken the mental and physical vigor of countless millions, and the argument of the beer-sophist rests merely upon the slender fact that under expectionally favorable circumstances the alcohol habit has not proved absolutely fatal to nations of herculean constitution. It is true that the uplands of southern Germany still produce men who have preserved the appearance of vigorous manhood in spite of their excessive use of fermented beverages, but the ancestors of those highlanders were athletes who could handle a forty-pound iron club as their descendants would whirl a black-horn cudgel, and whose rude weapons, by sheer dint of gigantic strength, prevailed against the superior discipline, the superior tactics, and the superior numbers of the best armed Roman legionaries. In the battle of Aquae Sextiae, the Roman battle-front held its own by a six-fold line of spearmen, but was finally broken by an expedient of the barbarians, who, by means of *leaping-poles*, flung themselves into the midst of the serried legions and attempted to force the fight by a hand-to-hand conflict. On the battle field of Adrianople the sudden panic of the Roman troops was ascribed to the exploit of a Gothic warrior, who hurled his lance through the body of a mail-clad adversary, and seizing the lance-handle with both fists held up his skewered foeman as a standard-bearer would hold aloft a brass eagle of five or six pounds. Teutobot, a chief of those Northland giants, could leap, full armed, over six horses, standing side-by side; and the training lions, which a Roman commander had imported at great expense, were all killed in the first encounter with the vanguard of the undaunted barbarians. 'They mistook them for dogs,' said the historian, 'and knocked their brains out.'

The descendants of such men could not at once succumb even to the poisoned darts of the alcohol demon; but there is no doubt that their partial impunity is more than half due to the antidote of hardy habits.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years Doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheny & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly upon the blood and mucus surface of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address F. J. CHENY & CO., Toledo, O.

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Resorts.

Puck says: "The white man who drives a coal cart has to resort to soap and water, just as does a negro who has spent the day in whitewashing."

But the most strange things of all are usually resorted to when a man gets sick.

Of course he doesn't want a doctor—at least not at first. He usually goes to the so-called saloon and gets a drink, which makes him feel rather dazed, so he takes another, and comes home temporarily elated, supposing himself cured.

When he wakes next morning, with a headache twice as bad as ever, and feeling feverish and cross, he concludes he will have to try something else.

He takes a dose of whatever he happens to have in the house—some liver renovator, kidney evaporator, or heart enlarger—and sets forth saying if he isn't better tomorrow he will send for the doctor.

Next morning he is sick in bed; the doctor is called, shakes his head, prescribes two or three kinds of medicine, according to his medical creed, but always insists upon perfect quiet, and that the patient must not go to his office for two weeks, or the result will be serious.

He does, in truth, lie in bed for a week or ten days, his recovery retarded by a multitude of remedies, and the knowledge that his business is going to ruin in his absence. When he does drag out at last, he finds that the family must deny themselves everything but the common necessities of life for some time to come, in order that the doctor's bill may be paid, and repairs made in the business.

Now, the proper thing for this man to have done was to have bought a bottle of New Style, Pleasant Taste Vinegar Bitters, the moment he felt the first headache, and to have taken two tablespoonfuls at once. Two or three half-doses, two days apart, after the first dose had taken effect, would have cured him and prevented his illness, and his consequent financial loss.

The man did not know this, or, as Beecher would have said, his foresight was not so good as his hindsight. Another time this man will know just what to do to save pain, time and money.

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